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A Flirt's Mistake.

"I WISH Joe would not be so attentive to Ada Huron," said Della Moran, indicating, with a motion of her blonde head, a young man of her own style of beauty, who was walking and talking with a showy-looking girl.

"He does seem to be charmed with Ada," replied her companion, Ida Leyman, a dark-eyed little lady. I can't see why the boys admire her so much. Brother Ed is infatuated with her. Yet she is a terrible flirt."

"That's just what I tell Joe, but he always says: 'Tastes differ, sis, and she suits mine.' I tell him she'll never have him, and he says: 'Maybe not; but we'll see some day.'"

Thus chatting our two girls went homeward, passing the subject of their remarks, who were walking along more leisurely, and talking in a bantering way.

"Ada, what would you rather have of all things on earth?" asked Joe Moran.

"Money, to be sure," laughed Miss Huron. "And you?"

"Your sweet self," replied Joe.

Ada tried to blush, but failed.

"You've never asked for your wish, and I beg pa for mine every day; so there's the difference between us," she answered, lightly.

If she thought that this hint would provoke a declaration, Miss Huron was mistaken.

Joe was not like Othello, who said: "On this hint I spake."

But then he was not a *militaire*.

"There will be a picnic on Saturday," said Ada. "You are going?"

"If I may take you."

"Oh, I have promised Ed Leyman. But we will meet you there."

"I don't know," responded Joe, morosely.

"Oh, please come! Ed always gets sentimental when we are alone, and I hate sentiment."

"Of course I'll come if you really want me, Ada. But why can't you give a fellow a definite answer, and cease playing with him?"

"This is the dog that worried the cat, that caught the rat," she sang.

"Won't you be serious for a minute?" cried poor Joe. "You know I love you. Will you have me, Ada, or do you prefer Ed Leyman?" he insisted, his honest blue eyes trying hard to read the truth in Ada's green-gray orbs.

"'I love them both so well,
I know not which to choose;
If one I "yes" should tell,
T'other one I'd lose,'"

hummed the willful girl.

Joe was silent then, and when Ada reached her own gate, bade her an abrupt good-by.

"Be sure and go to the picnic, Joe!" she called after him, as she ran, laughing, up the steps into the house.

It was an ideal day—just the one when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love; and Ed Leyman could not resist the force that nature and Ada Huron brought to bear on him as they rolled along gayly behind the sorrel trotter toward the picnic grounds.

They had just left the town, and were gliding leisurely along the tree-lined country road, when he suddenly said: "Now, Ada, you must give me my answer."

"What answer?" she artlessly asked.

"You know very well. Will you—"

"Oh, let's talk sense!" she interrupted, provoked that he came to the point so bluntly. She loved tactics.

"This is sense to me."

"Well, then, we'll talk nonsense," laughed the girl.

"Sense or nonsense, you must answer my question."

"Question, question, Mr. President!" cried Ada.

"Will you marry me?" he went on, doggedly.

"The question needs debating before it passes the house," she laughed.

"Ada!"

"Ed!"

"Won't you say yes?"

But just then some of their friends drove near them, and Ada, glad of an interruption, seized the reins to give them a race.

The day passed pretty much as such days usually do; the men fished and the girls made a pretense of joining in the amusement—all except Ada, who declared herself too lazy for even that quiet sport. She had a book, and, ensconced in a cozy nook, would read it.

Presently to her retreat came Ed and Joe, arriving simultaneously from different directions. After looking daggers at each other they began to talk on various subjects, throwing pebbles into the stream the while. It was evident from their constraint that both were aware of the existing rivalry, and that they disliked one another accordingly.

Ada watched them with quiet amusement.

Suddenly she exclaimed: "Do you see those water lilies floating out in the stream?"

Both young men looked where she pointed and saw two regal blossoms.

"He who fetches me one of them shall be my future knight," cried Ada, rising with a glow of excitement upon her face.

The men looked at her, at each other, at the two skiffs that were moored near by, then back at the girl again.

"I mean it," she said, eagerly. "I want to see whether the days of chivalry are really over."

Off came two coats, down the banks strode two men, each unfastened a skiff ready to start on the fool's errand.

It was indeed a fool's errand. The river, swollen by recent rains, tumbled fiercely over the high dam. The lilies were rapidly nearing the brink, which could not be approached without great danger. But the rash boys were on their mettle, and evidently intended to take the risk at any cost.

Little Johnny McGlinn, a small picnicker, saw them doff their coats, and dropping his rod exclaimed: "Come on, folks! There's going to be a fight up here!"

This brought all the anglers to the point where Ada stood.

They saw the two young men exchange a few quick words, and then after shaking hands each leaped into his boat, and the watchers caught these words of Joe's above the roar of the dam: "All right, Ed; it's a bargain!"

No one knew what it was all about except Ada, who thought they were agreeing to abide by the result of the coming trial of courage.

"Be they going to race?" asked Johnny.

"No, they are going to fetch those lilies for me," answered Ada, coolly.

"Not those!" cried Ida Leyman, pointing to where the flowers were floating swiftly toward the dam.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Oh, you bad, bad woman!" cried Della, looking "as though she'd like to throw her into the river," as Johnny expressed it later on. Then Della and Ida cried, with one accord: "Come back, Joe! Come back, Ed! You will both be drowned!"

The young men either did not or would not hear their cries, but kept steadily on.

Joe had the lead by a rod or two when, giving his boat a graceful swerve, he reached a lily and started landward again.

Ed was not so good a rower, but, not to be outdone, kept boldly on. The remaining lily was now a little below him and very near the dam. He succeeded in heading it off, and was about to make a turn up stream to capture his prize, when, horror! he dropped an oar, which went shooting over the dam.

The next instant, quicker than thought, his boat whirled sidewise with the current, then rushed against the end of a big log. Ed managed to spring to this just as his boat swung round and fell over the dam with a crash.

Seeing Ed's danger, Joe pulled quickly back to a point above where the log projected; he let his skiff float to within a few feet of his rival, and cried: "Now for it, Ed! Jump! I daren't come any closer, or we'll both go over."

Ed stood up on his slippery bridge and made a leap into the boat, when, by dint of hard pulling, Joe soon had them out of danger. Then they looked hard at each other.

"By Jove, you are plucky to hang on to that flower all the time!" said Joe, as he saw the lily, somewhat crushed, in Ed's hand.

"And what are you?" asked Ed, feelingly. "Who risked his neck to get me out of my awkward fix?"

"O, pshaw! that was nothing," answered Joe, rather sheepishly. "You'd have done the same for me."

"Do you believe that, Joe?"

"As I do the Gospel."

"Shake hands."

There were tears in the men's eyes, which did them no discredit, as they performed the rite so laconically suggested.

Presently both looked toward the shore. Della, on her knees, seemed to be praying, while Ida hung about her, weeping copiously. A short distance away stood Ada Huron, looking triumphantly toward the boat.

"Ed," said Joe, in a tone of deep conviction, "we've been a pair of infernal fools."

When they landed, Ada was on the spot to meet them, exulting in the fact that she was the heroine of such an exciting episode. Her lips were parted as though she were about to utter words

ED MADE A LEAP INTO THE BOAT.

of praise. But what had happened? Neither of the men noticed her as they climbed up the bank.

Instead, Joe, going straight to Ed's sister, dropped his lily at her feet, while Ed paid the same compliment to Della.

This was the beginning of the end for Ada. The two disenthralled lovers paid her no more attention than politeness required; and each caught himself making comparisons between Ada and his friend's sister, much to the disparagement of his former enchantress.

So Ada was compelled to talk to thick-headed Billy Thornton, with whom her wiles were at a discount, but who made havoc with the contents of her lunch-eon basket.—Alida Alston, in Drake's Magazine.

His Limit.

Tourist (in Kentucky)—Col. Gore must have been pretty thoroughly intoxicated last night. I heard him say he saw nine separate and distinct moons at one time.

Col. Corkright—Then you may rest assuahed, suh, that the cuhnel was puffectly regulah. He makes it the rule of his life to draw the line at nine moons, and is, thuhfoh, nevuh intoxicated. It takes at least sixteen moons to get the cuhnel off his feet.—National Tribune.

THE VALUE OF WALKING.

A Poetic Dissertation on This Most Beneficial Exercise.

To walk is wise, independent, manly and moral. It is also healthy and agreeable. Our characteristic impatience and fury of competition has introduced artificial and in a measure, objectionable features into it, to which allusion will be made further on. But let us linger a few moments over its æsthetic and hygienic rewards. The man afoot on the surface of his own earth is the true king; the so-called monarch who journeys in a coach or in a bomb-proof railway carriage is, in truth, a slave. The pressure of the free foot on turf or road exhilerates the soul; the magnetism of our mother flows into our nerves and nourishes their vitality; our blood dances through our veins and strengthens muscle and organ. The whole atmosphere is our own; it flows rhythmically into our lungs, and unites with the sky. The horizon woos and stimulates the eyes; they become bright and gain power and judgment. Nature instructs us at every step; her beauty must ever remain unknown to him who has not thus placed himself face to face with her. Distant hills slowly draw near, and unfold to us their wonders of color and form; winding valleys reveal their lovely hearts to our orderly seeking, tempering their surprises by exquisite gradations. The trees are companions; each yields to us its individual charm and so passes us on to the new charm of its neighbor. The forests veil from us the sky, as if to remind us of the beauties of this earth; the broad plains smile to Heaven, in intimation that earth and Heaven are inwardly at one. Every insect, animal, and bird vouchsafes us glimpses of its secret life, which shuns the monstrosity of our machines. A day of walking in the country, whether it carry us four miles or forty from our starting-point, at any rate leads us back through the countless noisy ages of civilization to the quiet seclusion and spontaneous insight of the pastoral era, before cities and business were invented. We are not the same at evening as we were in the morning. We have absorbed the day and the landscape; we have journeyed shoulder to shoulder with the sun, and the winds and rains have visited us. A little more, and we should become gypsies; still a little more, and we could comprehend the faun and the satyr.

The best thoughts and the purest moments of man's life may often come to him when he is afoot. The regular and gentle exertion of the movements gives the body just enough occupation to keep it out of the way of the mind. The heart acts fully, but not to excess; the lungs thoroughly aerate the blood, without becoming overcharged; the other organs discharge their functions with ease and lightsomeness. The little ducts of the skin breathe forth their moisture; the muscles glow and expand; and the brain, finding all well in the domain of its dependencies, turns to its affairs with joyous freedom and alacrity. At evening, what an appetite! At night, what sleep! Were any magical physician to invent elixir which imparted a tithe of the vivifying virtue of a day's walk in the open air, he would be the Cræsus of pill-makers. How much would we give for a bottle of his concoction? And yet we may walk for nothing, and we may begin to-day; and the more we take of the prescription, the more solid and lasting will be the benefit we derive from it.—Julian Hawthorne, in Lippincott's.

PAYING THEIR FARES.

How Two Young Ladies Settled a Vexed Question.

When two young ladies ride together on the street-cars the question who shall pay the fare is one which often requires some little debate.

On the Pittsburgh traction line the other day a blonde and brunette were busily talking to each other, when the conductor came and extended his hand.

The blonde dropped a dime therein. The conductor rang up two fares and went his way. The brunette did not notice the transaction. She was talking too steadily for her attention to be diverted.

Presently she noticed the conductor collecting fares beyond her and she asked her companion:

"Did you pay my fare?"

The blonde nodded.

"I didn't want you to do that. Here is your money.

And she fished a nickel out of her purse and offered it to her friend.

"Why, I won't take it," the latter replied, laughing.

"But I can pay my own fare."

"I know."

"I'd rather do it."

"It's paid now, Put your money back in your purse."

"But I won't let you pay my fare."

"You can't help it very well. It's paid."

By this time the conductor was near the two again, and the brunette offered him the nickel the blonde had refused to take."

"This lady paid your fare, ma'am!" he said.

"I wish to pay it myself," the brunette replied, placing the nickel in the conductor's palm. "Now give her her change."

The conductor solemnly handed to the blonde the nickel he had received from the brunette and then went to his accustomed place on the rear platform to think about it.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Oatmeal for the Complexion.

Oatmeal, inside and out, is one of the best means for securing a good complexion. For one who desires to make the skin more white and fair, there is nothing better than to apply a poultice of oatmeal mush, and as a food for making good pure blood, oatmeal can not be too highly recommended. Let all greasy fried dishes alone, do not touch griddle cakes and sirup, but eat plenty of fresh fruit and preparations made from the cereals, if you would be healthy and beautiful.—From a Lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

LOOK AT HIS EYE.

If a Man Be Dishonest You Can See It at a Glance.

The eye always indicates the character of the man. This is particularly true of thieves, for the expert detective can tell in almost every case whether or not a man is a thief by simply looking him squarely in the eyes. A well-known detective, in speaking of this matter the other day, said:

"Yes, sir, I can pick a thief out every time. I can't tell you what it is that gives the man away except that it is the expression of the eye. In the first place there are few thieves that will look you squarely in the eye unless they are obliged to do so. They will avoid your glance as long as they can, and even when they do face you and gaze steadily at you it is always with the same expression. Although their eyes may be wide open, and the gaze apparently steady, you will see, if you look closely, that that there is something away back through the cornea trying to avoid you. I have picked out numbers of thieves by this little dodging movement. I never saw a thief who was free from it.

"Everybody has met that man who resolutely refuses to meet a steady gaze for more than three or four seconds at a time. It is not fair to say that all such persons are dishonest. In many cases this peculiarity is a direct result of bashfulness. A little close observation will enable the observer to put persons in the class in which they belong. The man whose eye is almond-shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking."

Another characteristic thief's eye is the one whose lower lid is straight, while the upper one is more or less arched. The straight lower lid is always noticeable, however, the effect being a very cunning and fox-like expression. Detectives usually have very noticeable eyes, keen and clear, although one of the best thief-takers that the writer has ever known has big brown eyes, as innocent in their expression as are those of a frank and honest schoolboy. This is his natural expression, but when he becomes interested in anything his lids close and his gaze is as penetrating as that of an eagle.—Pittsburgh Press.

DRAWING-ROOM ETHICS.

Good Manners Demand the Abolition of Scandal.

It has come to be more and more a maxim of good manners, not to mention good morals, that scandal is never to be talked in the drawing-room. So thoroughly is this recognized that if a woman is heard in good society talking of unpleasant personalities, she is at once set down as an accident of the place, and not as one either to the manner born or who has been long enough with people of good breeding to acquire their repose and taste. Very likely many of these high-bred people in question, who are to the manner born, hear gossip and scandal, and perhaps lend to them a too willing ear, but it is in privacy, in the depths of boudoir or chamber, vice paying its well-known tribute there to virtue in the hypocrisy that whispers it in the dark, as it were, and will not listen to it more public. And it is to be confessed that of the two evils, the indiscriminate encouragement of evil-speaking is the greater, for the hypocrisy injures one's self, but the opposite course injures one's self and many others besides.

The forbidding of the enjoyment of scandal in public is, at any rate, an acknowledgement of its vulgarity if not of its wickedness. It proclaims, too, the fact that society thinks well of itself and its intentions, and has a standard of some loftiness up to which it endeavors to live, and that it recognizes an interest in the possible ill-doings of fallen mortals as something intrinsically low and coarse and calculated to hurt its own structure, an interest in such facts anyway as indicative of an order of taste not to be desired, and its possessor a person not to be associated with. It may be simply as a sybaritic precaution, ease and pleasure being so much surer when no uncomfortable suggestion thrusts in an ugly head, that unpleasant topics of an unwholesome nature are tabooed in the conversation of the finest drawing-rooms. But whether this is so or not, it is plain that good society would like to be optimistic, it would believe in no evil and would speak no evil; it has found that the essence of good manners is also the essence of the golden rule, and as the voice of scandal violates all its notions, it has laid upon such utterance within its borders the penalty of ostracism.—Harper's Bazar.

May-Day Christmas Coincidence.

Calendars of various shapes and kinds have been in general use for centuries, yet there is not one person in a thousand that has ever noticed the peculiar coincidence which bring May day and Christmas on the same day of the week year after year. When the writer was first informed of this curious fact, only about two years ago, doubt predominated until a chance to verify the assertion presented itself. I kept the points in mind, and upon my return to my study examined a file of twenty years of Tribune almanacs, always with the same result: Monday, May day; Monday, Christmas; Tuesday, May day; Tuesday, Christmas, etc.—Philadelphia Press.

Better Than Staying In.

Mother—Where in the world are you going?

Small Son—Goin' to play hopscotch.

Mother—Dear me! Don't you know its pouring down rain?

Small Son—I've got an umbrella.—N. Y. Weekly.

—"Won't you try the turkey, judge?" asked Mrs. Small of her new boarder. "What's the charge?" asked the judge. "Tough character," interrupted Hunker, who had been served first.

PITH AND POINT.

—What is love? Two heads with but a single thought, two fools that act like one.—Boston Transcript.

—The happiest man is he who, being above the trouble that money brings, has his hands the fullest of work.

—In parsing, we suppose the pickpocket might be described as an abstract noun.—Binghamton Leader.

—It is Possible.—Smith—"Is it possible for a man to know everything?" Jones—"Yes, a young man."—N. Y. Press.

—The youth who is to marry an heiress finds life smooth-sailing, and is pleased as he thinks of the rocks ahead. —N. Y. Press.

—Time is money they say. And we have often observed that it takes a good deal of money to have a good time.—Texas Siftings.

—Housekeeper (severely)—"Here's a small fish in this milk." Milkman (aggrived) —"Madame, do you want a whale for five cents?"

—The people who live in Chicago will have a good chance to see everything during the exposition time—including all their relatives.—Somerville Journal.

—A Special Occasion.—Johnny—"Do you say your prayers every night?" Jimmy—"I do whenever I've gotter sleep in the folding bed."—Washington Star.

—Cards Will Follow.—He—"How do you know Miss Pinkie and young Prettipenny are engaged?" She—"They are always quarrelling when we meet." —Truth.

—Daughter—Why is it, ma, that a honeymoon is supposed to last only three months?" Mamma—"Because then the quarterly bills come in."—Boston Budget.

—"Don't touch my picture-book," said Tommy to his little brother. "Because it's got a picture of a kitchen stove in it, and you might burn your sweet little fingers."—Harper's Bazar.

—When a man goes wrong, "There is always a woman at the bottom of it." When a man goes right, we never hear that there is a woman at the top of it, but there is.—Galveston News.

—Doctor—"Well, my friend, what seems to be the matter with you?" Grogan—"Shure, docther, there's somethin' the matter wid me jaw; I can't domesticate me food."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Her Adorer—"May I marry your daughter, sir?" Her Father—"What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you are well off." Her Adorer—"No, perhaps not; but I know when you are well off."—Drake's Magazine.

—Mrs. Fogg—"I'm sure I never saw a woman who thought so much of her husband as Mrs. Pidgin does. She really thinks there never was such another." Fogg—"I reckon she's right. It was her only chance."—Boston Transcript.

—Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us. —Sallie Green—"Belle Brown doesn't admire herself before the mirror as often as she used to." Mamie Thorn—"I guess her new eye glasses have greatly improved her sight."—Jeweler's Weekly.

—Alice (aged seven years)—"Papa, were there any live rebels after the battle of Bull Run?" Father—"Why, of course, my child. Why do you ask that?" Alice—"Uncle George told me about the battle last night, and I thought he killed them all."—Harper's Bazar.

—"I am glad to see you on your feet again, Mr. Barrows," said Miss Parslaw, graciously; "you looked very bad last time I saw you." "You must be mistaken, Miss Parslaw," said Barrows; I have never been ill. Where did you see me last?" "You were in the park—a—horseback."—N. Y. Sun.

WHY HE WEPT.

He Was Pained by the Perfidy of Human Nature.

He looked a good deal more like a peripatetic peddler than like a tramp, but he wasn't, just the same, and his partner, down the road behind the fence waiting, bore the unmistakable evidences of his profession. It was away out in the suburbs, and as he went up to the house from the front gate, he cast furtive glances about, as if apprehending an attack in the rear. The lady of the house answered his knock.

"Do you want to buy a fine blanket for a mastiff, madam?" he inquired after a polite salutation.

"No," she responded sharply, "we don't keep a mastiff."

"Perhaps something about a shepherd dog's size would be acceptable?" he ventured.

"We've got no shepherd dog either," she snapped.

"I beg your pardon," he persisted.

"May be a collar for a bulldog, or for a black-and-tan or a poodle or a King Charles might fill a long-felt want?"

"They won't," she exclaimed, angrily. "We don't keep any dogs on the place, and we don't want to buy anything for something we've got nothing of. Do you understand that? Good morning,' and she slammed the door in his face.

He smiled something more than good-naturedly and walked back to the front gate as imperiously as a Cæsar and as fearlessly. He found his partner, and they held a consultation of some duration.

An hour later, two tramps came over the back fence of that house in a wild tumultuous tumble, leaving a dog apiece and a portion of their pants on the other side, and went flying down the road. At a safe distance they paused and the one who had talked to the lady at the front door remarked, as he tried to recover his breath:

"'Taint the clo's I keer about, Willie, old man, ner the shock to our nervous systems; but I am pained beyond expression that a woman, no doubt a wife and mother, a perfect lady in appearance, should stoop so low as to deceive a gent who asked her a few simple questions about dog collars and other canine comforts;" and he brushed a tear from his eye with the portion of his coat sleeve that he had brought away with him.—Detroit Free Press.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A GOOD WIFE.

Some of the Things a Girl Should Look Up.

It's both natural and honorable that young girls should look forward to marriage as the "Ultima Thule" of life, for a woman's crowning glory must always be wifehood and motherhood; but better than a marriage without love, or love without esteem, is the single girl forever, says a writer in the Housekeeper.

Many girls on leaving school seem to think their education completed, and there is nothing more to do than to dress and amuse themselves, and try and ensnare some one into marrying them. This may be fairly natural, to look forward to having a home of one's own, and yet how few seem to think it necessary to qualify themselves for so responsible a position as the head of a household.

There is a most important interval in a woman's life—that between her school days and her marriage. Then the useful and practical knowledge on household matters, needlework, economy and various other points which all tell upon the happiness of a home, may be acquired.

If habits of industry and economy of time are not formed in early life they never will be. Every girl could help in the household, having her own appointed tasks. How much better, even if not obliged to do it, than spending the time in dressing and promenading the street, searching for the latest novelty in dress, or as a walking fashion plate to be admired!

She should make her mother's home her own in interest. Begin with her own things, and her own living place, and when she has made herself wholly mistress of that, so that it is easier to do than to leave undone, she has learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

Cherish instincts of taste and neatness, girls, in every little thing you have about you, and order will breathe out and grace from even the commonest things. Some people may call you "fussy, but never mind; it is the not knowing that makes you that.

Don't put even your pins into your cushion in a tipsy sort of way. Let it be a part of your toilet to dress your room while you dress yourself.

It is wonderful to see how much ingenuity is shown by some women, who, with very little money, make themselves and their surroundings so attractive. Old clothes fixed over to look as good as new; old carpets and curtains, fresh and bright. Nothing helps a person like doing these things, and it is a real fact that, if distasteful at first, housework and sewing will come to be a woman's realm in which such exact results will be reached, by careful management, that it will seem like magic.

"One keep clean is worth a dozen make cleans" is an old maxim and a true one. Manage to clean as you go, which will save hosts of labor, and give abundant satisfaction in results. Putting to rights will not be a separate task then.

In the realm of home, woman should be queen. Home should take its hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly, if she is tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted, she unconsciously organizes or puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the setting of the nation than any man uncrowned by power or eloquence, can possibly do.

To those, as we have said, who believe that in marriage lies their only or chiefest source of happiness, let me say that you will not find all light and no darkness, all roses and no thorns. A young girl, in marrying, sacrifices much. She gives up in a great measure her independence, to a great extent her preferences. She consents to great changes in her habits, and often in her friendships.

In fact, she leaves nearly all her past life behind her, when she becomes a wife, and very seldom does she appreciate the character of the sacrifice she has made, even beneath the crown of blossoms. Oh, what a chasm often lies between wifehood and maidenhood! How she misses the mother, the sister, all the tender felicities of home, the old singleness of heart, the serenity of mind, the blissful, girlish days.

Ah, she must love long and deeply and worthily, or she will feel a blank in her heart, a dull, dumb pain, never wholly conquered, particularly if she light upon a man not altogether merited, or fully compensating her for the losses she has sustained.

It is true enough that a happy marriage is the best lot that can befall a woman, but surely, by a long way, an unhappy one is the worst, and how many such would be averted if one looked early to the ways of the household and took a longer time in determining the choice!

WOMEN AS ASTRONOMERS.

A Field in Which Their Labor Has Been Eminently Successful.

Helen Leah Reed, writing in the New England Magazine, states that women of genius, like Caroline Herschell, Maria Mitchell and Mary Somerville, have always been welcomed to the ranks of astronomers, and that the various European and American observatories have of late years employed not a few women computers.

The Harvard college observatory has been especially appreciative of the work of women; not only employing them as computers, but definitely encouraging them to undertake original research Yet, although there is a field for woman's work in astrometry, the so-called old astronomy, with its problems relating to the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies, a much wider scope is offered for the work of woman in astrophysics, the so-called new astronomy. For in this latter branch of practical astronomy, photography is now so largely used that the observer, magnifying glass in hand, can at any hour of the day study the photographic plate with results even more satisfactory than those formerly obtained by visual or telescopic observations at night. In the average observatory, where men are employed, it is obviously impracticable for women to engage in night observing.

The work in which women take part at the Harvard observatory may be divided into three classes:

1. Computing, based on the work of others. For twenty years some women have always been included in the corps of Harvard computers.

2. Original deductions (not necessarily star work). Work of this kind has been carried on chiefly by special students of the Harvard annex. In this class of work must be named a longitude campaign—probably the only longitude campaign ever conducted wholly by women, whereby Miss Byrd and Miss Whitney determined the precise difference in longitude between the Smith college and Harvard college observatories. Miss Byrd is now director of the Smith college observatory, and Miss Whitney is Maria Mitchell's successor at Vassar. In this second class of work may be included also the making of a standard catalogue of the stars near the North Pole by Miss Anna Winlock, the daughter of a former director of the Harvard observatory.

3. The Henry Draper memorial work, and four other investigations, less extensive, though similar in kind to those provided for by the Draper fund.

The Draper memorial investigations form one of the most noteworthy departments of the Harvard observatory, and they are carried on by women under the general direction of Prof. E. C. Pickering, the director of the observatory. Moreover the work is supported wholly by a woman, Mrs. Anna Palmer Draper, of New York, in honor of her husband, Dr. Henry Draper, who was a pioneer in the work of photographing stellar spectra.

Although in practical astronomy the field for woman's work is a wide one, the number of paid positions for workers in this field is naturally limited. Yet the success of the Harvard experiment of training a corps of women assistants has been so marked, that it is to be hoped that other observatories may follow this example. As the resources of the various observatories are increased by the liberality of people interested, like Mrs. Draper and Miss Bruce, in encouraging the development of astronomy, it may not be too much to expect to see larger numbers of women among the observatory assistants.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

The Example of Sweet Womanliness Set by a Young Chicago Lady.

An example of sweet womanliness and helpful sympathy comes from Chicago by way of an Indianapolis correspondent who does not wish to be known in the case; Miss Fannie Gary, a young and wealthy Chicagoan, worked two weeks last summer in a tailor shop in the city of the world's fair. Mary Anderson, a poor girl, was one of the regular toilers in the shop, and Miss Gary, who knew her, noticed that she seemed to be rapidly running into a decline. Acting on a generous impulse, she proposed sending the sick girl to a pleasant summer resort to be recuperated.

"But, oh, dear," said the poor girl, "I can't go; the proprietor will not let me leave unless some one takes my place, and there is no one to do that."

"Oh, yes there is," said Miss Gary; "you go and I'll do your work."

Miss Anderson went to the country and Miss Gary went to the tailor shop. For two weeks every morning at six o'clock she left her pleasant home, clad in a plain black dress, and joined the other workers in the hot and stuffy shop. All day she stitched, and reached home at seven o'clock in the evening, taking an hour at noon for lunch, and when her principal returned rested, rosy and cheerful, the beautiful daughter of Judge Gary doubtless felt abundantly paid for her unique and practical sympathy.—Detroit Free Press.

A German Woman.

Madame Kether, of Weimar, is one of the leaders of the movement in Germany for the advancement of women. She is editor of a monthly magazine, which has articles on the political status of women both at home and abroad. She strongly advocates teaching boys and girls along the same lines from the standpoint that woman should have the opportunity for complete development, that she may have a right estimation of her needs, and form a correct judgment of her difficulties.—Woman's Journal.

A FEW NOTES.

ELIZA A. GRAHAM, of Mobile, Ala., has received a patent for a machine for hanging wall paper.

THREE of the four prizes offered to graduates of Boston high schools for historical essays was won by women.

ELSA ESCHELSON, cand. phil., has passed a successful examination and has been admitted to the bar in Sweden. Aftonbladet claims that she is the first Swedish lady who has prepared herself for the practice of law.

MISS SOONDERBAI POWER, a native high-caste Hindoo, is a missionary sent from India to England, to point out the evils of the opium traffic. She wears an Oriental costume, but speaks English fluently. Her oratory is simple and direct, and she excites the sympathy of her hearers.

MISS ALICE HARRIS, M. D., of New Market, Ia., is medical missionary at Sierra Leone, West Africa, under the auspices of the Wesleyan Methodist church, and she has for several months conducted the mission entirely alone. Miss Harris was duly prepared for her work by theological studies at Wheaton college, Ill., and by a full course at the Homœopathic college of Cleveland, O.

A WOMAN in a New England village has found her opportunity for bread-winning in a small kitchen bakery. She began by helping her neighbors through occasional emergencies by baking bread for them. She now furnishes a small number of families regularly with white and brown bread, raised doughnuts, and old-fashioned gingerbread. A boy delivers the bread in a basket, and the woman does not find the business too fatiguing.